Beautiful FLORA's GARLAND.

Compoted with Variety of the beſt

NEW SONGS.

Flora's Pride debated, in a Dialogue between old Father *Winter* and beautiful *Summer*.

The paſſionate Lover's Addreſs to his Miſtreſs,

Clorinda's Reply to *Corrydon*'s Entreaties, with Advice to al Maidens.

Licenſed and entr'd according to Order.

Beautiful FLORA's GARLAND.

Flora's *Pride debated, in a Dialogue between old Father* Winter *and beautiful* Summer.

Tune of, *The Wheel of Fortune.*

FAIR *Flora*, beautiful and gay,
To whiter Snow gives Room,
Who ſtrip'd her of her rich Array,
Made of the ſweeteſt Bloom;
And with his Icy Broth came in,
And looking her upon
To 'treat her thus he did begin,
Proud *Flora* now be gone.

Here has thou reign'd ſix Months or more,
In all thy gaudy Pride,
I come to warn thee now, therefore,
To lay thy Pomp aſide;
Thy Flowers which did bloom and blow,
Shall wither and decline;
For in a Word I'll let thee know,
The Groves and Fields are mine.

But *Flora*'s loath to leave the Streams,
In which ſhe took Delight,
And baniſh'd be with *Winter*'s Beams,
But ſlowly took her Flight. What,

What, muſt I leave the Groves, ſhe ſaid,
Which I have deck'd ſo fine,
With ſpreading Bowes on ev'ry Tree,
Why doſt thou call them thine?

Why muſt I leave thoſe charming Notes,
Of Birds my woody Choir?
Who warble forth from their ſweet Throats,
What Tunes I do deſire.
Oh! ſtay a while, cold *Winter*, till
Thoſe Pleaſures all decline,
And when the Floods do Rivers fill,
My Power I'll reſign.

Go, go, proud *Flora*, paſs away,
Make Haſte and hence begone,
Believe me now what I ſhall ſay,
My Floods are coming on;
I'll freeze thoſe pretty purling Springs,
Which by thees us'd to glide,
And wither all thoſe lovely Things,
Which puff thee up with Pride.

Old *Winter* with an Icy Face,
Be not ſo harſh to me,
For thou ſhalt never here take Place,
While Leaves are on the Trees;
For I am a charming Beauty deem'd,
Adorn'd with Flowers fine,
My Company is more eſteem'd,
Ten thouſand Times than thine.

Is this a Time to baffle me,
Now coming into Power,
I'll blaſt all that belongs to thee,
And all thy Joys devour:

Thy Groves and Gardens far and near,
Shall look as if they'd die:
Thou in thy Time did domineer,
So *Flora*, now will I.

I'll take poſſeſſion of thy Bowers,
In which thou didſt remain
I'll make them ſwim with floating Showers,
And mighty Storms of Rain:
On thy fair Hills and Vallies green,
So lovely to behold,
There ſhall nothing be felt and ſeen
But Fogs and freezing Cold.

I'll freeze the North Side of the Globe,
With all my Force and Might,
Thy Groves and Gardens I'll diſrobe,
And leave them naked quite:
Inſtead of Fruit which us'd to grow
On loaded Vines and Trees,
I'll bring vaſt Rocks of Ice and Snow,
And all thy Brooks I'll freeze.

Cold *Winter* never threaten ſo,
I'll tell the once again,
I'll melt thoſe Rocks of Ice and Snow,
Then drink up all the Rain:
I'll thaw the Springs which thou didſt freeze,
Adorn and beautify
My Gardens gay, and Groves of Trees,
And make thee glade to fly.

If thou could'ſt have thy Will, I know,
Always to rule and reign,
The fruitful Earth would barren grow,
And yield no Sort of Grain: No

No pleaſing Fruits on Trees would be,
Which might Mens Palates pleaſe;
This is the Cauſe all envy thee,
For ſuch like Tricks as theſe.

I know fair *Flora*, that thou art
Beloved far more than I,
To ſpeak the Truth, 'tis thy Deſert
Therefore let us comply:
Yet thou muſt give me leave a while,
In Power to remain,
Next ſpring thou ſhalt return and ſmile
On the fair *Flora* Plain.

The Paſſionate Lover's Addreſs to his Miſtreſs.

Clorinda's an exquiſite Creature,
The Fountain of human Delight,
The beautiful Darling of Nature,
She truly tranſported my Sight:
Her languiſhing Speech doth diſcover,
The amorous Thoughts of her Heart,
She tells ſuch dear Tales to her Lover,
As could not be told him by Art.

Her Tongue is ſo charmingly moving,
There's few can her Language withſt
Or ceaſe from the Paſſion of loving,
Her Charms have ſuch Power to command:
Were I the great World's Emperor,
Or had all this Globe in my Sway,
'Tis for my *Clorinda* I'll throw,
Theſe gliſtering Trifles away.

Clorinda 'tis thou that I love,
Whom I love with a Paſſion ſo great,
Come now, either kill me or cure me,
Elſe I'll die in Diſpair at thy Feet:
Like a Goddeſs thou art in thy Nature,
'Tis thou that cure or can kill,
To whom now ſhall I complain,
Since my Hope it depends on thy Will.

Therefore *Clorinda* be not cruel,
But an Anſwer of Hope to me ſend:
For 'tis thee I adore as my Jewel,
As is witneſs'd by what I have penn'd;
For had I all the Gifts of *Ovid*,
I could not to thee full expreſs,
The Wiſdom and charming Beauty,
That is in thy Perſon and Face.

So I being ſwallow'd up with Wonder,
And Love of thee my Delight,
I'm ſtruck and amaz'd as with Wonder,
That dazzles the Summer moſt bright;
Therefore we'll ſum up all in Silence,
Since Tongue nor Pen cannot expreſs,
But rather eclipſes thy Beauty.
As Gold when compared with Braſs.

Clorinda's *reply to* Coridon's *Entreaties.*

Coridon, I receiv'd your Letter,
Which came to my Hand by your Page,
Wherein you Compliment and Flatter,
Like the falſe Paraſites of th' Age:

Your

Your Sex are cunning and enticing.
And deceive poor harmleſs Maids,
By praiſing and admiring their Beauty,
Which oft in their Fancy ſoon fades.

For when *Cupid* doth wound a young Gallant,
And enſnares him by a Look of his Eye,
And when by his Arrows he wounds him,
He ſwears to be true till he die,
Thus oft they deceive poor harmleſs Girls,
Who credit their Promiſe and Oaths,
But when they conſent and are loyal
They change them as they do their Cloaths.

Thus ſilly poor Maids are deceived
Which often their Ruin doth prove,
And though Life and Fortune requires it,
Their Pity it will not once move:
But they careſs and hugg one another,
The more to add Charms to our Grief,
While thoſe they love above all other,
Are Comfortleſs, and void of Relief.

For we Maids having once fixed our Fancy,
And promiſed in Love to be true,
Continue moſt faithful and conſtant,
Though afterwards we ſore may rue:
While young Men are as changeable,
As Weather in the Winter's Night,
And change thoſe in their Affections,
Who formerly were their Delight.

Therefore judging Lover's Words flattery,
Though of you I judge charitably,
I purpoſe to be as a Battery,
Againſt which your Arrows may fly: But

But by no Means you ſhall gain the City,
Which all Maids ought to fortify,
Againſt all Inventions, though witty,
To rob us of our Chaſtity.

And till they give Proof of Reality,
We ought carefally to beware,
Leaſt being deceived and enticed,
They may all our Comforts debar:
And ſo to conclude this my Anſwer,
Which at your Requeſt I have ſent,
I do not exclude you from Comfort,
Leaſt being moſt real you faint.

But hereby I give all Maids my Counſel,
And recommend it to their Care,
That as they would render their Comfort,
They may of Deceivers beware;
And thus they may triumph and conquer,
And my ſecure Gallants their Slaves
In Love, thus they may be praſed,
By an Epitaph wrote on their Graves.

10 JU 52

FINIS.